

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

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LOSSES.

LOSS of money follows drinking,
Loss of time brings bitter thinking,
Loss of business follows these,
Loss of strength and loss of ease;
Loss of health, respect, and love,
Loss of hope of heaven above,
Loss of friends who once admired,
Loss of mind by frenzy fired;
Loss of usefulness, alas!
Loss of life's goal for the glass!
Loss of life and loss of soul
Crown his bliss who loves the bowl.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

THE huta represented in this picture are the kind used by the natives of those portions of Central Africa which were traversed by Dr. Livingstone a short time before his death. In one of his latest letters he gives the following interesting account of every-day life in these African villages.

It was the time of year for planting and weeding the plantations, and the regular routine work of all the families in the town was nearly as follows: Between three and four o'clock in the morning, when the howling of the hyenas and growling of the lions or leopards told that they had spent the night fasting, the first human sounds heard were those of the good wives knocking off the red coals from the ends of the sticks in the fire, and raising up a blaze to which young and old crowded for warmth from the cold, which at this time is the most intense of the twenty-four hours. Then the cocks begin to crow (about four a.m.) and the women call to each other to make ready to march. They go off to their gardens in companies, and keep up a brisk, loud conversation, with a view to frighten away any lion or buffalo that may not yet have retired, and for this the human voice is believed to be successful.

The gardens, or plantations, are usually a couple of miles from the village. This is often for the purpose of securing safety for the crops from their own

goats or cattle, but more frequently for the sake of the black, loamy soil near the banks of rivulets.

Fire has been brought from home, and a little pot is set on with beans or pulse—something that requires long simmering—and the whole family begins to work at what seems to give them real pleasure. The husband, who had marched in front of each little squad with a spear and little axe over his shoulder, at once begins to cut off all the sprouts on the stumps left in clearing the ground.

The mother works away vigorously with her hoe, often adding new patches of virgin land to that already under cultivation. The children help by

out, and then the dust is tossed out by another motion of the vessel—difficult to describe, or do—which leaves the grain quite clean. It is then ground into fine meal by a horizontal motion of the upper millstone, to which the whole weight is applied.

The flour is finished late in the afternoon, at the time maidens go forth to draw water. The lady poises a huge earthen pot on her head, fills it full at the rivulet, and though containing ten or twelve gallons, balances it on her head, and without lifting up her hand, walks jauntily home.

The husband having employed himself in the afternoon in making mats for sleeping on, in preparing skins for

and the women scarcely over cultivating enough food for the year. That is the condition to which all Arab slaving tends.

SOME FAMOUS SONGS.

"HOME, Sweet Home," was written by Payne to help fill up an opera he was preparing. The author never received anything for it, but the song took, and over 100,000 copies were sold the first year. In two years the publishers cleared over \$10,000 by the publication, and the variations, transcriptions, and imitations have been innumerable. Payne was afterward appointed

American consul at Tunis, where he died, and whence his remains the other day were sent to America. Some of his miseries may be guessed from his own words—"How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing or hand-organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has generally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody; yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and in my old age, have to submit to humiliation for my bread." Foster's "Old Folks at Home" was the best song he ever wrote. Over 400,000 copies

were sold by the firm that first published it, and the author is said to have received \$15,000 for his share in its sale. "Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold by Crouch, the author, for \$25, and brought the publishers as many thousands. Crouch was hopelessly improvident, and in his latter days became a tramp. When Mme. Titens was in this country a number of years ago she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" in New York, when a dirty tramp introduced himself as Crouch, was recognized, and thanked her for singing the song so well. "Bonnie Doon" was the only English song that the Emperor Nepo-



UJISI, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE MARKET-PLACE, VIEWED FROM THE ROOF OF OUR TEMPLE AT UJISI.
(From a photograph.)

removing the weeds and grass which she has uprooted into heaps to be dried and burned. They seem to know and watch every plant in the field. It is all their own; no one is stinted as to the land he may cultivate; the more they plant the more they have to eat and to spare. In some parts of Africa the labour falls almost entirely on the women, and the men are represented as very cruel to them.

When the grain is dry it is pounded in a large wooden mortar to separate the scales from the seed; a skilful toss of the hand drives all the chaff to one corner of the vessel. This is lifted

clothing, or in making new handles for hoes, or cutting out wooden bowls, joins the family in the evening, and all partake abundantly of the chief meal of the day before going off to sleep.

The above is as fair an example of every day life of the majority of the people in Central Africa as I can give—it truly represents surface life in an African village. In other parts the people appear to travellers in much worse light. The tribes lying more toward the east coast, who have been much visited by slavers, are said to be in a state of constant warfare—the men always ready to rob and plunder,